Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Lo as the Barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with pretious lading to the bay,
From whence at first shee wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Countrie with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gratious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that survive, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
VVith burial amongst their auncestors.
Here *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
VVhy suffrest thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweete Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the prowdest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
That so the shadows be not vnappeazde,

Nor we disturbde with prodegies on earth
Titus. I giue him you the Noblest that
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queen
Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gra
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deare to mee
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rom
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoak
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the
For valiant doings in their Countries ca
O if to fight for king and common-weale,
VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with b
VVilt thou draw neere the nature of the
Draw neere them then in being merciful
Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne
Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and
These are their brethren, whom your *Got*
Aliue and dead, and for their brethren sla
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he m
T'appease their groning shadowes that a
Lucius. Away with him, and make a f
And with our swords vpon a pile of woo
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane con

Exit Titus sonnes wi

Tamora. O cruell irreligeous pietie.
Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so
Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to am
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning look